

## ANY CITY

*Untermeyer, Louis, 1885-1977*

Into the staring street  
She goes on her nightly round,  
With weary and tireless feet  
Over the wretched ground.

A thing that man never spurns,  
A thing that all men despise;  
Into her soul there burns  
The street with its pitiless eyes.

She needs no charm or wile,  
She carries no beauty or power,  
But a tawdry and casual smile  
For a tawdry and casual hour.

The street with its pitiless eyes  
Follows wherever she lurks,  
But she is hardened and wise—  
She rattles her bracelets and smirks.

She goes with her sordid array,  
Luring, without a lure;  
She is man's hunger and prey—  
His lust and its hideous cure.

All that she knows are the lies,  
The evil, the squalor, the scars;  
The street with its pitiless eyes,  
The night with its pitiless stars.